

# Our Dumb Animals

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.  
U. S. Trade Mark. Registered.  
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES.

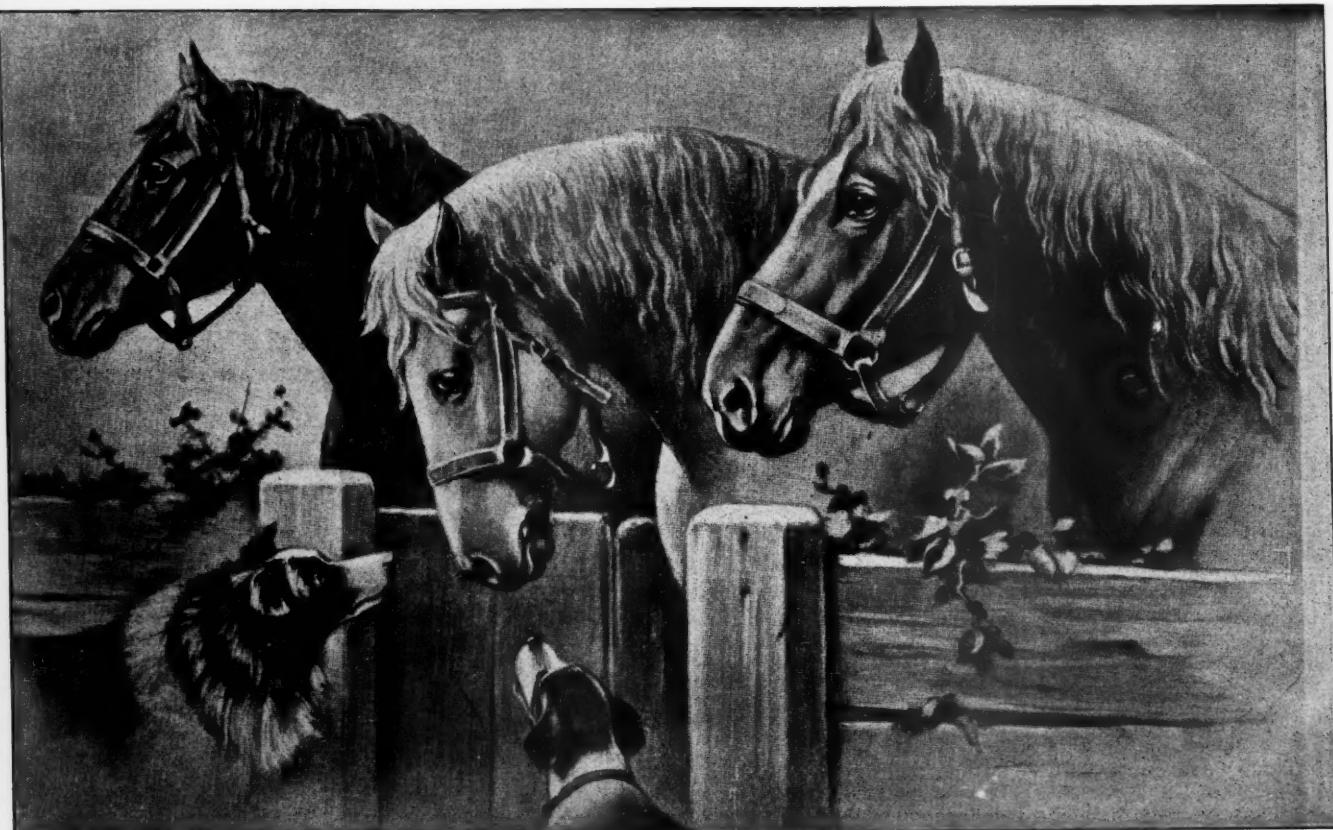


I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 2



GOOD MORNING

# Our Dumb Animals

For Our Dumb Animals

**"PEACE ON EARTH"**

**Dedicated to the Growing Peace Sentiment of the World**

It is coming, surely coming, and the great wide world is thrilling  
With a grand and mighty impulse it has never felt before;  
For the thought of man, awakened, with the glorious truth is filling  
That bitterness and hatred shall enslave the world no more.

Feeble, first it seemed, and helpless, as the mind of mankind knew it,  
By the prophet and the seer, in the long ago, foretold:  
But at last the time has ripened for the world, as one, to view it,  
As its countless blessings multiply and grander truths unfold.

All the countries girt by ocean, and the valley, plain and mountain,  
Have been closely bound together by the thought and work of man,  
Who has drawn deep draughts of knowledge from its Great Eternal Fountain,  
And by patient application time and space has learned to span.

E'en at last the ether, vanquished, has been joined to man's dominions;  
And with heart exultant soaring through the silence of the air;  
Safely borne in flight triumphant on his strong, though air-light, pinions,  
Ocean's vast expanse, nought fearing, he at last shall surely dare.

And the lightning he has mastered, through the ether-wave's vibration,  
Whispers messages of unity of purpose, and of plan;  
Joining lands, unbound by cable, in a world-wide federation,  
For a higher, nobler effort for the betterment of man.

So the human race, once scattered, each distrustful of his neighbor,  
Feels at last the tie of kinship, and as love is understood,  
Feels within its heart, awakened, new desire to think and labor  
For the noblest aim of mankind — universal brotherhood.

And at last, oh highest glory! war no longer is exalted,  
And the motherhood of nations lifts her heart in praise to God,  
That the sword, the soul which pierces, by the hand of love is halted,  
Never more to stain earth crimson, spreading death and woe abroad.

For behold a mighty movement, sweeping over every nation,

Borne on wings of love is coming, and its mission shall not cease,

Till to earth's remotest kingdom it has borne the inspiration

For an absolute disarmament and universal peace.

Yes it's coming, surely coming, and the great wide world is thrilling,

For the angel-song of long ago is ringing out again; And the thought of man, awakened, sees at last its grand fulfilling

In a glorious demonstration, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

ERNEST E. RIDER,

Salem, Mass.

Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.

CHARLES SUMNER.

From Address of the Late Justice DAVID J. BREWER

## OUR MISSION IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

First a thought, a wish, then a faith, next a struggle, at last a fact. So have entered into human life and history some of its profoundest truths. Such has been and is to be the story of universal peace.

The grand march of humanity upwards has been through strife and blood. But a growing echo of the heavenly music is filling the hearts of men, and the time will come, the blessed time will come

When the whole world gives back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

Now earnest men and women are working, determined to put an end to the arbitrament of the sword. The coming music will not tell of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but will be a refrain of the angelic song, "Peace on earth." Our own loved land witnesseth the strength of the struggle and will be the great leader. And this is so notwithstanding present shouting for a larger navy.

I shall not stop to discuss the question whether a state of peace is better than one of war. If any one doubts it I am content to quote the words of General Sherman that "war is hell." The less of hell individuals and nations have the better. In order to bring about the condition of peace, a minimum of army and navy is the most effective way. There never yet was a nation which built up a maximum of army and navy that did not get into war, and the pretense current in certain circles that the best way to preserve peace is to build up an enormous navy shows an ignorance of the lessons of history and the conditions of genuine and enduring peace. When one nation becomes so strong that it is able to say to all others, "I am in favor of peace, but it must be a peace in which my will and wish controls," it is morally certain that the outcome of a few years will be war, for it is against human nature to take commands on matters of personal interest or questions of right and justice. The only peace which can endure is that in which the equalities of the nations are recognized, and all disputes are settled by negotiations or submitted to an impartial tribunal for determination. Then all nations will be interested in maintaining peace, knowing that it is peace secured by choice and established in justice. The pathway of history is lined with the wrecks of nations, which for a while developed a commanding force, but were finally destroyed by combinations of weaker nations, or their own internal jealousies. It may be laid down as a political and historic truth that a peace which is born only of force is a peace which is temporary and disappointing.

### Reasons Why America Should Lead

To lead in the cause of peace no one of the great nations is so well circumstanced as the United States of America. We are remote in distance and separated by oceans from other nations, so that if one of them were to attack us, it would be fighting at long range, and it is obvious that such fighting is most exhaustive and attended with the least probabilities of success. Of course, the same rule would obtain against us were we to undertake an aggressive war, but an aggressive war assumes no desire for peace. In a defensive war our location is a great defense. In the second place, our resources of men and material are such as to almost guarantee against any attack. Whatever advantage might inure to any nation by reason of its larger armament would be only temporary in its nature and would soon be exhausted by the enormous resources of this country. In the third place, no nation is in such a financial condition. Our debt, compared with that of other great nations, is small, and if we had not been foolish enough to squander money in ironclads and

army, we might now be a nation without a debt.

Notwithstanding all present opposition, the United States will not fail. She will heed the summons to the lofty mission of peace. The blare of the bugles and the beating of the drum will give way to the song of the angels; and the brotherhood of man, which means peace between the nations, will find its loftiest expression in the unfoldings of our history. There are great forces in our civilization, which, more potent here than elsewhere in the world, voice for international peace; and government of and by the people will heed those voices.

With the eye of faith I see unrolled on the canvas of the future a glorious picture, in which shall be seen every laborer dwelling beneath his own vine and fig tree, receiving ever a living wage for his toil, every merchant and manufacturer pursuing his business and his industry without a thought of interruption by the ravages of war, and men of science and wealth combining in the achievement of more and more gigantic results, adding not merely to the necessities, but also to the comforts and luxuries of life, taking possession of land and water and air, and all the forces to be found in them, and making them minister to human life. In the foreground will be seen that highest type of womanhood, the Madonna, and across her bosom will be these words: "Mary hath kept all these things, and hath pondered them in her heart," while underneath will shine in letters of fadeless light, "The United States of America has fulfilled its mission."

### UNIVERSAL ARBITRATION

**Our Country Should Take Lead in Agitation for World-Wide Peace**

War has been aptly and tersely defined as infernal. Peace on the other hand has been enumerated along with safety, liberty and the free pursuit of happiness as an ideal condition of life. Peace knits men's hearts into a closer brotherhood, fosters the growth of commercial relations among nations, lays the foundation for education and scientific research and promotes the uplift of humanity.

Universal peace is only to be obtained by the establishment of courts of arbitration for the consideration of international disputes, even as misunderstandings between individuals are settled by the courts. Economists have long ago recognized the danger to society for individuals to secure reparation for their wrongs by personal prowess and so established the judiciary system in order to give might to the cause of right. In following out this principle to its direct and only conclusion nations are coming more and more to the realization that such a system should be adopted in dealing with international complications.

Our nation has ever been in the lead in this agitation for world-wide peace and for the promotion of universal arbitration. In keeping with our dignity we strive to be first in war, but it is our hope that when the time comes we shall not be backward in paving the way for the ultimate elimination of bloodshed in settling international disputes. This idea is being more and more impressed on the minds and hearts of the growing generation, with the inevitable result that we shall think twice before engaging in hostilities ourselves, and do everything in our power to cause belligerent nations to calmly deliberate on the necessity of bloodshed and the actual results before allowing them to fly at each other's throats.—Minneapolis *Chronicle*.

It is inhuman and even sinful to countenance the abuse of animals; rather, should we protect them, foster them, and be grateful to them.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

## THE FOREST GREETING

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,  
Wherever the forests call;  
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,  
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,  
Wherever the North winds blow;  
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?  
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting.  
And ah! we are bold and strong  
But our triumph-call through the forest hall  
Is a brother's funeral song.

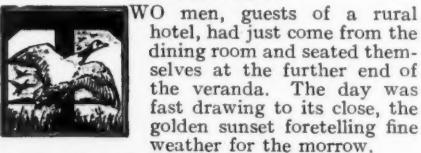
For we are brothers ever,  
Panther and bird and bear,  
Man and the weakest that fears his face,  
Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?  
Hunters and game are we;  
But who gave the right for me to smite?  
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting.  
And dim is the forest track;  
But the sportsman Death comes striding on;  
Brothers, the way is black.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

## For Our Dumb Animals HIS LAST SHOT



WO men, guests of a rural hotel, had just come from the dining room and seated themselves at the further end of the veranda. The day was fast drawing to its close, the golden sunset foretelling fine weather for the morrow.

The elder of the two was commonly known among the patrons of the house as "The Colonel," probably because of his military appearance, as no one knew of his ever having been connected with any military organization.

The other man, a recent arrival, had manifested a desire to get together a hunting party, for the neighborhood was known to afford plenty of sport at that season of the year for the hunting of small game.

Colonel Poole thanked his companion for the invitation to be one of the number, at the same time intimating that such sport did not appeal to him.

"Well, Colonel, you don't seem to be much interested in hunting? Surely, you have at some time or other, indulged in it?"

At this juncture they were joined by a third gentleman, who evidently had overheard some of the conversation, as he drew up a chair and addressed the younger man.

"It is evident that you don't know that the Colonel used to be a fine shot. I well remember when hunting was about the only recreation he had. It has of late been a matter of some surprise to those who have known him from away back, that he is no longer an enthusiast."

"Well, I'll tell you," rejoined Colonel Poole. "It is some years since I last went hunting, and it is now my intention never to go again. I'll relate a little experience if you would like to hear it. You will then understand why it is that I consider the wanton shooting of game most inhuman and therefore unbecoming in a man."

The speaker paused a moment, noticing the look of curiosity on their faces.

"And you would really like to hear my story, the story of my last shot? I assure you, gentlemen, to me it was a most impressive incident, and one that would touch the heart of any man, providing he had a heart not entirely insensible to pity and remorse."

"By all means," said one, "let's hear it. I don't mind shedding a tear or two on occasion."

Colonel Poole waved his hand before his face, seemingly to lift the veil from his memory.



JERSEY HERD AT THE NORTHFIELD, NORTHFIELD, MASS.

"Ten years ago," he resumed, "I was in a southern city on some business that did not require all my time. So I had plenty of opportunity to get out in the open with my rifle. I was not at that time a confirmed hunter, but I will confess that I enjoyed the sport as well as anyone else. And all the hunting I ever did was merely for the pleasure of killing something. The shooting of a bird, a fox or a rabbit had enough of the adventure in it to pay for the physical exertion and the money expended on such trips.

"One bright afternoon with my gun on my shoulder, I started for the woods. I walked about for some time without seeing anything in the shape of a live target. I finally gave up all hope of getting a shot. Retracing my steps I came out into an open space and immediately heard a bird-call.

"Looking in the direction of the noise I saw two wild doves flying about in the most playful manner, happy and fearless. Quite mechanically I raised my gun and shot one of the birds. It fell to the ground within twenty feet of where I stood. The broken wing and a crimson spot on the breast told too well that my shot had been fatal. I immediately took aim to bring down the remaining bird. I had scarcely got a bead on him when he suddenly flew to the side of his dead mate, crying in such a piteous manner that I was actually sickened, it so touched my heart. I never heard such sounds come from any creature but children in great fear or distress.

"I placed the stock of my gun on the ground and meditated upon the scene. The male bird fluttered close by the dead body of his dear mate in a futile attempt to arouse her. I was conscious of a sense of condemnation, really feeling guilty of having caused this tragedy. The efforts and continual crying of the bird trying so hard to coo notes of encouragement and assistance—excuse my emotion, but, honest, it was a most pitiful sight. A thousand thoughts ran through my mind, and I asked myself how I would like to have someone shoot my dear companion at home, and thus deprive me of her for the rest of my life.

"Feeling a lump in my throat growing larger and larger, I turned to leave the spot. As I walked away the continual and piercing cries of the widowed bird rang unpleasantly in my ears. I stopped. I could not help it. I returned to the opening, walking directly to within a few feet of the birds, but my presence did not seem to be at all noticed by the male, who, with bill and claws was trying to lift up the dead body. Tears I could not suppress trickled down my cheeks.

"I realized that the all-seeing eye that notices the fall of the sparrow was at that

moment looking down upon us, and an unseen finger seemed to be pointing to me as murderer. I had committed a crime in the sight of heaven; I had broken one of God's commandments and killed one of His creatures.

"What was I to do? The agony of the situation became unbearable and in desperation I resolved to put the remaining bird out of misery. Taking up my gun, I gently poked the live bird with the end of the barrel, wishing to frighten him into flight before shooting him. But the bird actually seemed to invite death, for he persisted in clinging to his dead mate. I did not prolong the agony of the hero of this affair, nor my own discomfiture. I pulled the trigger and shot him dead.

"In the great beyond, if there are animals and birds in eternal paradise, as Martin Luther told his children once when they cried over the loss of a kitten, I trust those two doves are reunited, safe from the heartless wretch who shoots and kills for the fun of it."

For many minutes after the Colonel had finished his story, the silence was broken only by the songs of the distant whippoorwills.

JOHN L. STANYAN,

Montpelier, Vt.

## TRAINING OF DOGS

Whatever may be the merits of the spirited controversy between the fish and game commissioners on the one hand and the many hundred sportsmen and dog owners on the other over the proposed law to restrain dogs from running at large in this state, there are a few fundamental facts which should not be ignored in legislation relating to dogs.

In many persons the love of dogs is as strong and as ineradicable as the love of children. They are generally the persons who know dogs the best. If a dog is a nuisance it is the fault of his training. A dog quickly takes on the leading traits of his master's character. He is the most impressionable of creatures. He responds quickly to any treatment. Treat him "like a dog" and he will act like one. Treat him like a human being and he will quickly develop human traits. Keep him under close restraint and the brute in him will be uppermost. Allow him reasonable liberty and discipline him sensibly and justly and the human in him will appear. For freedom is the soil in which all virtues, both human and canine, thrive best.—*Boston Globe*.

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, the foremost to defend;  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.

BYRON.

# Our Dumb Animals

## THE KING'S DUMB MOURNER

The late King Edward's interest in dogs and his love for them was never shown more plainly than in 1895, says the London *Times*, when, in reply to a letter in which his attention was drawn to the cropping of the ears of certain terriers, and the Great Dane, the late Mr. Edgar Farman got such an expression of opinion from his Majesty, then the Prince of Wales, that at the annual meeting of the Kennel Club a rule making the cropping of ears illegal was passed unanimously, in spite of the opposition of several specialist dog clubs.

No deeper, truer love could spring  
Spontaneously from human breast  
Than Cæsar's, who has loved the king  
With all a dear dog's silent zest.

A dog's dumb way may not impart  
The grief that mortals can express,  
But who shall say that Cæsar's heart  
Mourns his beloved king the less?

Since ours the faith, "Love lives in space,"  
His love, whene'er his soul takes wing,  
May be ordained, by heaven's grace,  
To reach the spirit of the king.

O. MIDDLETON,  
in London *Daily Mirror*.

## For Our Dumb Animals

### RICHEST DOG IN THE WORLD Gold-Studded Collar Placed to His Account in Alaskan Bank

There is a man at Nome whose town residence is near the Congregational parsonage and whom I found to be a good neighbor. Although he never came to hear me preach, he was and is a warm friend of mine, because of my well-known defense of the defenseless. He has mining interests which often keep him for a considerable time in the Kougorok district, where he is known as "the hermit of the Sawtooth mountains." He is a man whose personal habits make him his own worst enemy; but he has a tender heart for the suffering whether man or beast.

He is an ardent member of the Alaskan Humane Society of Nome, and a great friend of the dogs who are also very fond of him. His own dogs, of whom he has several, are fed on the best the market affords and sleep at night on beds furnished with mattresses. His favorite and inseparable companion is a large dog known as "Billy," who has earned the right of freedom from toil and achieved a reputation for sagacity in saving the lives of numerous miners who were lost in Arctic blizzards. On one occasion he was piloting his master and a companion to their cabin in the mountains. The companion was confident that the dog was misleading them and, kicking the intelligent brute, struck out in an opposite direction. The master, though equally bewildered, trusted to his dumb and faithful guide who soon led him to his cabin; whereupon, having seen his master safe and comfortable, the sagacious animal set off of his own accord to rescue the man who had spurned his kind offices with a brutal kick and, contrary to that revenge which too often appears in human requitals, soon brought the freezing man to the warm cabin and then laid himself down content with having performed a humane act.

But the rescued man, whose life had been saved by the magnanimous conduct of the great half-human, though half-wolf, dog, wanting to make some amends for his own indiscretion and unkindness, had made for the noble animal a beautiful collar studded with gold nuggets. This unique collar, such as probably no other dog ever possessed, is in the safety deposit vaults of one of the Nome banks where Billy has a bank account and enjoys the distinction of being the wealthiest dog, in his own name, in existence; and which deposit, his master says, will never be disturbed until it is used to give Billy an honored burial for his magnanimous and life-saving deeds.

Name Alaska.

L. L. WOODS,



## For Our Dumb Animals

### A WEE DOGGIE

HE fog that had hung over the city all day had lifted and the streets showed wet and glistening under the lamps that swung back and forth in the wind. Figures, clinging to their hats, appeared for an instant in the light and then, ghostlike, vanished again in the shadows from whence they had come.

Barnard Vansynt, busily scanning the columns of the *Gazette*, between sips of coffee, gave no thought to the disagreeableness of the night. It was sufficient that he was comfortable now. The soft glow of the lamps and warmth of the room were entrancing, while over at the desk Madame nodded sleepily, the black bow on her cap reminding one of a great bat with outspread wings.

Something touched his foot, but he read on. Again came the gentle touch, and he lay down his paper and proceeded to investigate. The investigation, however, did not last very long, for he found himself looking into a pair of pleading brown eyes—eyes that asked many things, all of which he interpreted into the one word, "Biscuit."

The biscuit was handed down to the small tramp, who thankfully commenced to eat. Such a tiny dog and so horribly wet and dirty! The blue ribbon bow that at some earlier date he must have flaunted so proudly now hung bedraggled and mud-stained under

The dog obediently curled down upon the papers that littered the table, while the man leaned back in his chair and reflectively blew smoke rings toward the ceiling.

Soon doggie's regular breathing told of sleep, and a faint snore from the depths of the chair told that he was not alone in the land of dreams. The cigar had fallen from the relaxed fingers to the velvet rug and lay smouldering. Then a tiny tongue of flame put in an appearance and gathering courage at the silence rapidly grew and caught at the velvet hangings.

Doggie coughed and sleepily opened an eye. Then the other one. Something was decidedly wrong, so with a growl he jumped on the man's chest. A snore ended in a gurgle and the man hurriedly opened both eyes. He, too, discovered something was wrong and speedily set to work to right it.

The fire was soon a thing of the past, but the big man stroked the little dog in a strangely thoughtful fashion. Finally he remarked, "You are good for something, aren't you, little fellow?" Yet in after years people sometimes wondered at the love between the two.

PEARL ADONIS McCausland,  
Sacramento, Cal.

## WATER FOR THE DOG

Human thoughtlessness is nowhere emphasized more sharply than in the general failure to provide better facilities for the relief of thirst among the animals of the city, observes the Denver *Republican*.

The city of Mexico has a law, almost a century old, requiring storekeepers and business men in general to keep pans of fresh water in the doorways of their business establishments for the relief of dogs. The law was secured through the efforts of the kind-hearted women of the city, and in consequence Mexico City never has a mad dog "scare," and hydrophobia is unknown and muzzles are unnecessary.

In enlightened America, in sharp contrast with "barbarous Mexico," when and where is provision made for man's friend, the dog? Only a small proportion of public drinking fountains are so constructed that dogs can drink from them, and the thirsty dog must wander disconsolately about until his sufferings become so acute that he is pronounced mad, and the usual tragedy is the result.

The matter is one that can be regulated without the aid of law. Let the householder spare a thought for the dog, as well as for the horse. A pan of water under the hydrant in the yard will soon attract attention, and perhaps will be the means of preventing another one of those "scares" which speak so ill for public common sense. In summer never let the pan, provided for the household pets, be empty. One will be astonished, if he observes closely, at the number of times an animal will drink during the day.

## DECORATIONS FOR HEROIC DOGS

In France the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals decorates dogs that have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery with a collar tastefully designed "collar of honor."

Among the animals decorated in this way one of the most celebrated is Bacchus, a large bulldog, whose specialty it is to stop runaway horses by jumping up and seizing them by the bridle. It is calculated that this animal has already saved the lives of eight persons, if not more.

Paultland, a Great Dane, received a collar for saving his mistress from the attack of a foot-pad, and Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has had similar honor for rescuing young children from drowning on several occasions.

**Do not wait till the day you leave for your vacation before providing for the pets that you must leave behind.**



Owned by Clinton D. Higby, Erie, Pa.

his chin. Carefully he picked up every crumb and then, licking his jaws with a small pink tongue, sat down to await the next move of his newly-adopted master.

The man eyed him reflectively,—what earthly use a dog of that size could be, he did not know. Then, putting the paper in his pocket and picking up his hat, he walked over to Madame and paid his check. Upon reaching the street he hailed a passing cab. Something collided with his foot and looking down he realized that now he owned a dog, although it wasn't a very big one. Picking it up he placed it on the opposite seat and wondered all the way to his hotel, what to do with it. He, a man a little over six feet tall, and the dog a little over six inches! He didn't like to pose, with the dog, as a living example of the long and short of it, yet,—those brown eyes pleaded wonderfully.

The result of his pondering was that the dog needed a bath, and so he gave it to the maid with that request as he went to his room.

Half an hour later the door opened and a little ball of pure white fur came waddling in. On each side of the tiny body the soft silky hair swept the floor. With dignified mien the little thing crossed the floor and then sitting down offered a paw. Reaching down the man took the paw and shook it, then taking the whole dog placed him on the table.

"Think you are somebody now, don't you?" he remarked.

The dog rose on his haunches and again gravely extended his paw.

"Thanks. That'll do. You'll be a politician yet. Suppose you lie down."

**For Our Dumb Animals**  
**THE BLUEBIRD**

Deep in the cell of the gray dead tree,  
Where the ivies clamber far and free,  
Where they drape with green or drape with red,  
Up by the sunshine ever led;  
Oh, there in the cell, deep down in the dark,  
Is a flashing wing, a purple spark.  
And it comes, and it comes from the soft sweet air,  
From the blossoms so sweet, so debonair,  
From the world outside in the sunlight bathed  
To the nest within, by the darkness swathed;  
It comes, it comes, this flashing wing,  
With a song that only love can sing.

And it broods above the shelly things,  
Soon to be mouths and feet and wings,  
Soon to give forth a plaintive cry  
And long, and long for the summer sky,  
And mount and soar and bless the earth—  
These airy children of humble birth.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,  
North Orange, Mass.

**ANGELL FOUNTAIN IN LYNN**

**Handsome Memorial Given by the People and Impressively Dedicated**

A fountain erected to the memory of the late George T. Angell in Lynn, Massachusetts, was dedicated with impressive exercises and accepted by the city on June 6. This most fitting memorial is in one of the principal squares of the city where its beauty and usefulness will be appreciated both by citizens and visitors. Graceful in design, it is built of light gray granite with a base five feet square upon which rests four columns each surmounted by a lamp. It provides for the thirst of men as well as for horses and dogs.

Some months ago a fund was started by Mr. Elmer E. Bray for the purpose of securing a suitable Angell memorial. Subscriptions of varying amounts have been steadily received from many sources. Business firms, private individuals, school children and scores of others have contributed, showing the wide interest in the worthy project and the desire to honor the memory of the man whose long life was devoted to the cause of dumb animals.

The dedicatory ceremonies were attended by the school children and the general public. The principal address was delivered by ex-Mayor Thomas F. Porter.

**VACATIONS FOR MAIL HORSES**

In an address delivered recently before the letter carriers at Manchester, N. H., Hon. W. R. Spillman, assistant postmaster at Washington, D. C., said, "We are responsible to the government for the delivery of the mails, and not our substitutes. I do not mean that we give our own horses and vehicles to the substitute. But see it to that when you get your fifteen days' vacation, your horse gets his fifteen days' vacation at the same time. The horse needs it as much as we need it, and you will find that your horse, a faithful animal, will also stand by you when you need him."

"In line with this thought, I would say that we should constitute ourselves a sort of humane society to see that our horses get the proper treatment. Without this, they will not do the proper amount of work. We should exercise a sort of oversight upon our brothers' animals as well. I don't mean that you should constitute yourselves a body of police, but it is well to take a brotherly interest in such matters, to the end of uplifting the standard of the service."

**SUGAR FOR HORSES**

Good results are said to have been obtained in France from the feeding of sugar to over-worked horses. Excessive strain and consequent exhaustion as a result of slippery roads were lessened in those animals which were fed sugar daily. Some horses rendered unfit for service by overwork were restored to normal strength by a liberal mixture of sugar with their feed.



HIS HOLIDAY

**THEY LOVED THEIR WORK**

A contractor who has a pair of horses that have been in almost continuous service for twenty years relates the following story in the *World's Chronicle*:

"A few years ago I decided that this team had earned retirement to an old age of comfort on the farm, and shipped them out to the country. Naturally, I expected to see them grow fat and sleek, with no work to do, and the best of stock-farm fare. But what was my surprise to note that instead of gaining they lost weight and rapidly went down hill.

"After some weeks of watching, my farm boss decided that the old horses were actually pining for their daily work to which they had been so many years accustomed. We brought them back and put them at light work. They are fat and hearty, one twenty-five and the other twenty-six years old. My bookkeeper figures that those two old grays have done \$10,000 worth of work for us since we tried to retire them."

Horses, like men, will do more for the kind driver than for him who plies whip and spur. It pays to be kind to the man who does your work, and it pays to be kind to your horse.

**HONOR FOR AGED HORSE**

After sixteen years of faithful service in the Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago, an old horse, "Porter," was retired with a pension on his twenty-sixth birthday. He will spend the remainder of his days in ease and luxury. More than this, Porter was awarded a "certificate of honor" upon which the following resolutions, formally passed by the park commissioners, were inscribed—an action worth publishing in every city and town in the country:

"Whereas, The commissioners of Lincoln Park desire to manifest their recognition and appreciation of service, not only of employees, but also of dumb animals; and

"Whereas, Porter, a horse now twenty-six years old, has served the public faithfully and uncomplainingly for sixteen years;

"Resolved, That the board do hereby emancipate forever Porter from heavy labor; he shall never be sold, but shall always have the place of honor and the most comfortable stall; shall be well cared for, watered and fed, and remain the property of Lincoln Park until his death, and his photograph, history and description, together with these resolutions, shall be framed and hung in the most conspicuous place in the Lincoln Park stables."

**"BLACK BEAUTY" FOR POLICE**

*Dr. Francis H. Rowley.*

*Dear Sir:*—I am anxious that each member of the New York traffic squad and other mounted members of our police force should have a copy of *Black Beauty*, which will prove a good missionary not only for the men but for the inmates of the homes whence they come.

These traffic squad men are often called upon to render assistance where horses are in distress in our crowded thoroughfares.

Will you please send 750 copies of this most useful horse autobiography to the address which I enclose, for I have arranged to have them carefully distributed by a responsible person among the men for whom they are intended.

Will you please send an equal number of copies of your notable petition, "*The Horse's Prayer?*" It is truly a touching appeal from the helpless animal to his all-powerful master! This, like *Black Beauty*, will live long in the hearts of all horse lovers.

In closing may I venture to express the wish that in every city in our land there might be some horse-sympathizer who would consecrate the trifling sum requisite and likewise aid in the local distribution of this instructive, fascinating volume, the large circulation of which would do more for the betterment of horse treatment than even an active society could do.

Please accept my very grateful appreciation of your faithful service for our dear dumb friends who, pitifully deprived of speech to voice their manifold wrongs and sufferings, look to us to shield and protect them from cruel usage.

Faithfully yours,

New York, May 19, 1910.

**ELEPHANTS IN DANGER**

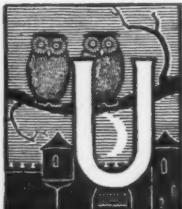
In France a society has been recently organized which is known as "Friends of the Elephant." The purpose of this society is to protect the elephant from wholesale slaughter. So fast are hunters slaying the elephant that the animal is in danger of extermination. Fully forty thousand of these beasts, it is estimated, are slaughtered every year. In all Africa, it is stated, there are no more than three hundred and twenty-five thousand elephants.

Remember that water is the first great need of animals in hot weather.

For Our Dumb Animals by CLARA IMOGENE CHENEY

## SUMMER STUDIES IN SQUIRRELDOM

Facts Observed and Annotated at Centerville, Cape Cod. II. Red Squirrels.



NDER the pine trees, opposite our cottage, is a little house erected at the end of a painted iron pipe eight feet in height. This house has a piazza and open windows at each end, is surmounted by a red chimney and was formerly known as the "Bird Restaurant."

But as it was patronized only by jays and birds of that feather, it was decided to make a change in the proprietorship, and now it is known as the "Squirrel Inn." Three handsome, large red squirrels have staked out their claims, and have taken possession of the Inn, a la "Box and Cox." These squirrels, named "Hiram," "Pinktail," and "Crackerjack," run up the smooth pipe and without any difficulty climb over the under edge of the platform, entering the Inn, where whole and cracked nuts are kept for them. The whole nuts are quickly carried away to secret places, some buried in the pine needles, and many hidden among the tree branches. After this, comes the repast of the nut meats, and Hiram usually eats his food sitting on the top of the red chimney of the Inn, where he can survey the premises and be ready for action if other squirrels approach his domicile.

Sometimes there is an encounter between two squirrels, one being inside and the other outside the Inn. Then a first-class exhibition of sparring by very agile little paws takes place, accompanied by fierce barking and much profanity in the squirrel language. These three red squirrels are not so tame as the chipmunks, but will catch nuts when thrown to them, and are very much at home on the piazza.

Crackerjack is the brightest and most attractive of the trio. He is loud in his lamentations if he sees one of his kind in the Inn, and refuses to be comforted with nuts held up to him. He is always on duty, and whenever I attempt to hide food in new places among the trees and rocks for the other squirrels, he is sure to appear before I can accomplish my design, and secure the booty for himself. He will come when I call him to the piazza. Early in the first summer, he built a nest in a pine tree near the house. The nest is very large, made of bark which was selected with great care from a pile of cedar post peelings, near by.

## Diet and Modes of Eating

The edible mushrooms are eaten by the red squirrels, especially the Russula virescens and the small Amanitopsis nivalis; the latter I have often seen gathered by the squirrel, who carefully takes it from the ground intact and deposits it among the tree branches. One often sees mushrooms left in this manner for a future meal. Many a time, when gathering mushrooms for the purpose of study, I have been reprimanded by an indignant squirrel in his tree.

A squirrel's mode of eating huckleberries is most interesting to see. He runs up a tree nearest the berry bushes for a short distance, fastens his hind feet to the bark of the tree, and hanging head downward, swings out his body until he can catch hold of the huckleberry bush, which he then holds firmly with his fore paws, while he eats his fill of the fruit. The red and gray squirrels are fond of the young pine cones, which they eat from the branches, dropping the scales of the cones in heaps under the tree. Both varieties of squirrels have the ability when much excited, of producing at the same time two sounds, a high nasal, accompanied by a deep gutteral

sound. This vocal achievement is as amusing as it is remarkable.

*August 11, 1907.* The first red squirrel to appear on the piazza this summer was "Madame," the mother, we think, of two little ones born in the woodshed in early spring. She came quite readily to take nuts from the hand, jump on our laps, where she would sit sometimes and eat nuts, often running to meet me as I came from the door on the piazza, frisk up my dress to my closed hands, separate the fingers very gently with the teeth, to see if a nut was concealed there. Another younger and handsomer red squirrel, also a female, and known as "Mademoiselle," was less familiar. These red squirrels were much tamer and less aggressive to their companions than the males of last summer's acquaintance. No traces of Crackerjack, or Hiram or Pinktail appeared, neither Josephine nor Joseph,—in fact, they were never seen after that first season.

*June 25, 1908.* On this date the first red squirrel appeared near the Inn. When I called her, she came to me on the piazza, caught nuts as usual, was quite tame, and from certain ways I felt sure that Madame remembered me as a friend of last year. She continued to come daily. Another proof of her identity was her refusal to eat any nuts but English walnuts,—this was a freak of hers last summer; the other squirrels were not so fastidious.

## Sleep Without Closing Eyes

Once after eating heartily of walnuts and drinking long from the "water tank" which supplies the birds and squirrels exclusively, Madame took her position on a projection of the piazza post, where she appeared to sleep with her eyes wide open, for over an hour. The body relaxed and stretched out full length, tail drooping, and her head laid on the fore paws a little on one side, perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed, expressionless, dull in color, and never winking. The next day, under the same conditions bodily, she took the exact position and slept for a little longer period, eyes wide open, etc.

I am convinced that red squirrels take naps in the day time without closing their eyes. I had the best opportunity for proving this, as I sat quite near Madame all the time on both occasions, keeping a strict watch over her. Madame brought three little ones with her the last of July, but they disappeared after a time, though Madame continued her visits at regular periods for food and water through the summer.

## LOVE OF ANIMALS

I am sometimes told that it is wicked to love one's cats and dogs and horses. If I had been without that love I should have missed some of the greatest happiness of my life. It is not every one who can understand how the dumb inmates of your home creep into your heart.

G. R. SIMS.

## FOOD FOR WILD BIRDS

Cultivated Fruits and Grains Are Only Small Part of Their Diet

I believe in providing for wild birds, just as I do for domestic fowls, says William L. Finley in the *World To-day*.

I know some birds eat a quantity of fruit, but I raise fruit partly for that purpose. When our fathers first came to this country and began cutting away the native trees and bushes and plowing the land, they deprived the birds of the wild fruit, berries and seeds of wild weeds and grasses. The birds naturally sought a part of the abundant supply of the new seed that man planted in the field. They also liked the cultivated fruit that man raised, and many of the smaller birds changed their nesting-places from forests to orchard trees and more modern homes.

Although some birds eat fruit, this is not the main part of their diet. The majority of birds are continually hunting and catching insects. During the breeding season they live largely, and rear their young almost exclusively, on this food. For this reason, it is a recognized fact that birds more than pay for the fruit they destroy, in the amount of insect pests that they eat. The prosperity of our country depends to a large extent upon agricultural pursuits. The dangers to agriculture from insect pests are well known. Wild birds are nature's check against the swarms of insect life. If we decrease the bird numbers, the balance of nature is affected and the change favors an increase of insects.

Have we the right to clear the land of the natural food of birds and then refuse them the fruit of our trees and the grain of our fields? Should we not provide something for them in return for the good they do us, just as we provide for our domestic fowls? It is a sign of thrift when an orchardist or farmer tries to get the most out of the birds about him instead of killing them off. If the birds insist on destroying fruit, why not plant a few mulberry trees or some evergreen blackberries along the fence, or in some out-of-the-way corner? Why not let a few seedling cherry-trees grow for the birds? The number of birds that are harmful, including those that do slight injury, is so small that we ought to be able to control them.

## TO A WHITE RABBIT

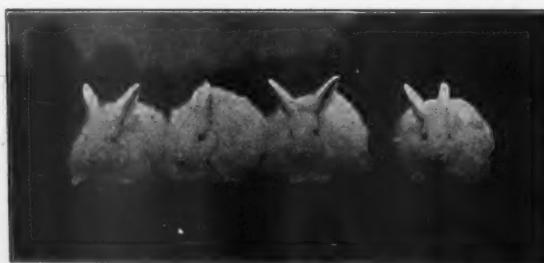
Poor frail and timid little creature,  
Of home and forest e'er a feature,  
The fancy work of Mother Nature,  
As white as snow,

In clover blossoms find your heaven,  
For lesser ones the world has striven,  
For calmer joys have hearts been riven,  
In worlds below.

Now, if perchance you make incursion,  
For hunger's sake or for diversion,  
On cabbage patch, a fell excursion  
To rob a leaf,

May man be lenient with thy failing,  
With hunger more than thou art ailing  
And greater thieves at them are railing,  
Thou darling thief.

TIMOTHY C. MURPHY  
Police Station 4, Boston.



Courtesy of the Bausch &amp; Lomb Optical Co



## THE WOODCOCK FAMILY

The American woodcock has the reputation of being the oddest-looking land bird in North America. One ornithologist says: "Its legs are too short for so large a body, its tail only half as long as it should be; its neck too short and too thick, and its head almost entirely without definite outline, the eyes too far back, and the bill too long and too straight." But what does it matter if these things are so? The woodcock comes of a good family, and it is a well-behaved bird. Indeed, it cannot be charged with any of the misdemeanors of many of its more gracefully built and delicately colored avian friends.

The woodcock has a substantial appetite. Mr. H. K. Job claims that one which he had in captivity grew thin, evidently from insufficient food, though he fed it one hundred seventy-five worms a day; and that he finally had to release it, admitting that it was a more proficient worm digger than himself.

## BIRDS AT AUDUBON'S GRAVE



HERE is a little scene of rural nature enacted every evening up on Washington Heights that probably can not be seen in any other thickly settled part of New York, says a contributor to the *Humane Alliance*. Thousands of swallows, which make their homes in the big chimney of a church, gather from every direction, about sunset, and circle around over Trinity cemetery, retiring gradually to their nests.

At daybreak they rise from the chimney in clouds and scatter to all points of the compass. Residents of the neighborhood regard these flights with affectionate interest. As I stood near the cemetery the other evening, watching the gathering hosts of birds circling against the pale light of the sky, I noticed a white-haired old man leaning against a tree and gazing upward. From north and south, east and west, flocks of the graceful birds were arriving every moment to join the swirling multitudes. There are literally thousands of them, swooping in a wide circle over the silent graveyard and filling the air with plaintive cries. Suddenly the old man addressed me.

"What a beautiful sight that is," he said. "I have watched these flights for years. During the summer the birds come every evening about six o'clock and for an hour or more fly in that swift circle overhead before seeking rest."

"Why have they chosen this spot?" I asked.

"It has been their haunt for many years," said the old man. "I like to think it is because their friend sleeps yonder. Can you see that monument?"

He pointed with his stick through the massive iron fence that surrounds the cemetery. Through the gathering dusk I could make out a great white cross, on a high pedestal, glimmering in the twilight.

"That is in memory of Audubon," said the old man. "On one side of that cross are the sculptured forms of many birds and just a block away is the old mansion where the great naturalist lived.

"Every evening in summer the swallows wing their swift way from New Jersey, from Westchester and Long Island, and swing in that strange circle over the tomb of the naturalist and within sight of the place where he lived and worked. It seems as though it were a ceremony before a shrine."

Overhead the birds still swirled in a swift circle, and the darkening graveyard lay silent but for the soft rustling of the leaves. Suddenly one of the swallows widened the circle and a hundred swung out after him. The twittering cries grew fainter and stopped. The first detachment circled toward the chimney of the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, and dropped into it one by one. They had not all disappeared when another company swept out of the circle and vanished. Rapidly the host grew less until finally the last of the birds had darted over and fluttered into the nest. The old man walked away slowly. All was darkness beyond the iron gates, and silence.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

## A REFUGE FOR THE BIRDS

For founding and maintaining perpetually a home for the birds a Cincinnati woman has set aside the sum of \$250,000. Two acres of land have been purchased and it is proposed to build thereon all kinds of houses for all kinds of birds.

This ground will be made secure against the invasion of cats, small boys and other enemies of the feathered tribes, and it is expected that birds of many species will be attracted to the place.

The birds will be "studied" under almost ideal conditions and all the work of the big aviary will be carried on under the direction of the University of Cincinnati.

Friends of the birds throughout the country will rejoice in this practical effort to save them and furnish them with at least one haven of refuge where they will be safe from the slaughter of the ruthless pot hunter and plume hunter and be encouraged to congregate and multiply.

The merciless warfare long waged against them must cease; the cruel sacrifice of their useful lives for the sake of their plumage to garnish women's hats must also cease. As the birds diminish, destructive insects flourish and our failure to protect the former has already cost us dearly. The project in Cincinnati will be closely watched and if as successful as seems probable, will be imitated in other places.

Concerning the establishment of this bird sanctuary, Prof. Benedict of the University of Cincinnati says, "We are in a new field as yet. We must study the best way to teach birds to congregate and nest in a locality where they are safe. Our experiment is the first of its kind to my knowledge in the world and it will have a decided effect in aiding other communities."

## O WISE LITTLE BIRDS

O wise little birds, how do ye know  
The way to go  
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether answered they,  
"We but obey  
One who calleth us far away.



Courtesy of the National Audubon Society

He calleth and calleth year by year,  
Now there, now here;  
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me  
Who calleth ye;  
Would that I might as trusting be!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
Boston, July, 1910

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts, which is published each month, and if they do not find the sum they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for proper authorization. Liberal commissions will be given.

TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities at greatly reduced prices. They are specially adapted for distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico. It also pays for twenty thousand extra copies for free distribution at the national convention of teachers held in Boston this month.

## THE HAPPY HORSE

Prof. James says that "the attitude of unhappiness is not only painful, it is mean and ugly." The happy man needs no placard on his breast. His face, his speech reveal his inward spirit. That the grace of a cheerful, happy disposition can be cultivated is beyond question. That a man can make possible in his horse this same state of peace and content no one will deny who has studied horses and drivers. So good a judge as the president of the Boston Work-Horse Parade has said that he has sometimes discovered on the horse's face the same look of happiness and kindly good feeling that he has seen shining in the face of the driver. About everything that a man touches sooner or later becomes a revelation of his character, not only the human companions of his hearth and home, but his dog and his horse and his cattle will surely in time "proclaim the man." F. H. R.

## HOW TO DO IT

How can I help? How can I widen the power and influence of the humane spirit? This question is often asked us by people anxious to transmute feeling and sentiment into action. From the experience of one of our best friends we answer, in part at least, the question. This enthusiastic, but unwearying friend of animals keeps herself supplied with the very best humane literature we can send her, literature furnished at the bare cost of printing and paper. She sees that her grocery boy, her butcher's boy, the men who deliver goods of any kind at her door, have each a copy of "Black Beauty" and the Horse's Prayer, or whatever else might serve to interest them in the animals of which they have the care.

The other day she gave the man who drove the Standard Oil wagon a copy of the Horse's Prayer, telling him at the same time of her interest in horses. Here is the result: the man took it home, read it, then came back and asked for copies that he could have tacked up in the stables where the company's horses are kept.

Suppose every woman, anxious to do something for the dumb creatures who serve her directly or indirectly, would follow some such plan as this, taking the trouble from time to time to speak to the men and boys who bring groceries, meat, ice and other things to the house, about thinking of the comfort and welfare of the horses they drive, what a vast impetus would be given the whole humane cause.

F. H. R.

## THE HUMANE SOCIETY AND HEALTH

Again we insist, in the face of public indifference and incredulity, that among the most effective of the forces working for the public health in Massachusetts is our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There is something more that we are doing besides perpetually seeking to awaken the spirit of kindness toward the dumb creatures about us, besides maintaining that back of all humane sentiment is the eternal fact of the animal's right to just and merciful treatment. In protecting animals used for food from cruel usage, in always contending for better legislation to control the methods by which they shall be transported for slaughter, and the treatment they receive just before and at the time their life is taken, we are rendering to thousands of our fellows a service too often ignored. Let it be remembered that no little part of all that has been accomplished in bringing animals, whose flesh is to be eaten, to the place where they are killed in healthy and relatively normal condition has been due to the unremitting perseverance of the humane societies of this and other lands.

In discussing the traffic in calves to which we have called attention afresh here in this state and in New York, *The National Stockman and Farmer* quotes from a statement it received from the late Dr. Leonard Pearson, "not only a veterinary of the first rank, but a scientist whose research covered leading problems of animal and human health." He had been asked concerning the wholesomeness of the flesh of calves which had been deprived of food during long shipments. This is what he said, citing several German authorities to the same effect:

"The meat from an excessively fatigued or exhausted animal, instead of being free from bacteria as is normal, contains bacteria of putrefaction of the same sort as occur in the intestines. It appears that when the functions of the animal are disturbed by fatigue to the point of exhaustion the tissues of the walls of the intestines do not hold back the bacteria in the intestinal canal as they should but permit them to pass into the blood. In this way the germs are carried to all parts of the body and when the animal is killed they at once begin to set up putrefactive changes." "Fatigue," says the journal above referred to, "he defined as the effect of starvation and abuse. This information was given to account for the fact that veal so often disturbs digestion. Veal eaters are simply poisoned because the veal calf was abused before it was slaughtered." F. H. R.

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Would that another Mrs. Browning might arise to voice the cry of the 2,000,000 babies less than a year old who have died in the United States within the past ten years. A large proportion of these deaths occur in the summer months. The result of careful, scientific work in dealing with this dreadful waste of life has been, wherever it has been undertaken, to cut the death rate in half. One third of all our children die before they are five years old, something like fifty percent. of those who die in their first year die before they are three months old. The claim is made that seventy-five per cent. of these deaths are now preventable by means within the reach of science. Ten babies who are artificially fed die to every one which has received its natural food from its mother. Every Milk and Baby Hygiene Association of the country should have the support, morally and financially, of all thoughtful men and women. Those industrial and economic conditions that make it well-nigh impossible for mothers to nurse their babies through the critical first two months are more than all else responsible for what is often called this "slaughter of the innocents." Mr. Arthur H. Brooks, 53 State street, is treasurer of the Boston Association.

F. H. R.

## AN OPPORTUNITY

Is there not some friend of horses who would like the joy of knowing this summer that he or she was actually providing thousands of thirsty, hard-working horses with fresh, cool water every day from now till late in the autumn? We have just established seven drinking places in Cambridge where the hundreds of horses employed in excavating for the new subway can be watered as they come and go with their heavy loads, other horses also having the same privilege, and arrangements are nearly completed for establishing seven places of the same kind in the city of Boston at points where great numbers of horses are constantly passing and where no provisions are made for watering them.

At each of these fourteen stations we shall have a man in charge of a barrel and a half a dozen pails. Connection will be made with a hydrant or stand pipe, and from morning till night this blessed ministry to the toilers in our streets that have no power to speak for themselves will be carried on. The barrels, the pails, and the bands about the hats of the men will bear this inscription, "Mass. S. P. C. A."

Through arrangements that we have made with the Nawn Construction Company, associated with the subway work in Cambridge, we find we are going to be able to take care of these fourteen stations from June till November for about eight hundred dollars. Who will take one or more ten dollar shares in the expense account, or will not some generous friend take it all? Think of what it would mean day after day through the long hot summer to know you were actually doing this noble work!

F. H. R.

## HUMANE LIBRARY FOR \$1

Bound volumes of the twelve numbers of *Our Dumb Animals* from June, 1909, to May, 1910, are now ready, and will be sent postpaid upon receipt of one dollar. There are two hundred and eight pages with one hundred and twenty-eight different illustrations. A new feature in this volume is a complete index to all the anecdotes, editorials, book reviews, illustrations, miscellaneous articles, and verse that have appeared during the year. The book is attractively bound in cloth of olive green with gold lettering on the cover. It comprises a whole humane library in itself.

## RESPECTING CITY HORSES

The following communication has been sent from Police Headquarters to the Captains of the sixteen Stations in this city:

Superintendent's Office,  
June 8, 1910.

## CITY OF BOSTON, POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Office of the Commissioner, June 4, 1910.

To the Superintendent.—The renewed attention of members of the Police Force is directed to the laws and rules affecting the condition and treatment of horses and the loading of vehicles in the public streets.

When a member of the Force observes a violation of this statute or of one of these rules he will take the names of the driver and the owner of the horse or the vehicle or of both and proceed as heretofore instructed with reference to violations of the traffic rules or to the commission of misdemeanors under the statutes. Persons who wish to make complaints as to offences not witnessed by an officer will receive such assistance as the police can give. Should an officer be in doubt as to whether or not the conditions observed by him constitute a violation of the statute he will report the name or names of the persons concerned to his commanding officer who will communicate the facts to the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

STEPHEN O'MEARA,  
Commissioner.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

**DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY**, President;  
**HON. HENRY B. HILL**, Treasurer;  
**HON. A. E. PILLSBURY**, Counselor;  
**EBEN. SHUTE**, Assistant Treasurer;  
**GUY RICHARDSON**, Secretary.

**Prosecuting Agents in Boston**

**JAMES R. HATHAWAY**, Special Agent;  
**THOMAS LANGLAN**, **CHARLES F. CLARK**,  
**GEO. W. SPLAINE**, **FRANK G. PHILLIPS**,  
**JOSEPH M. RUSSELL**, **HARRY L. ALLEN**,  
**HARVEY R. FULLER**,  
**E. S. VAN STEENBERGH**.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

**Where to Report Complaints**

Berkshire, Hampden, and Hampshire Counties—  
**DEXTER A. ATKINS**, Springfield, 31 Elm Street,  
Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—  
**ROBERT L. DYSON**, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable, and Bristol Counties—  
**HENRY A. PERRY**, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex, and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640. Night, Sunday, and holiday calls always answered.

**Ambulance Always Ready.**

For ambulance, telephone Richmond 572, or our Massachusetts Society, Fort Hill 2640.

**REPORTED AT MONTHLY MEETING**

In his report to the directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at their June meeting, held this morning, President Rowley stated that the Society had received from Elisha Gunn, \$25.00; net proceeds from "An Evening in Birdland," \$72.83; balance of bequest from Miss Miriam S. Shattuck, \$443.91; balance of bequest from Mary E. Heaton, \$52.00. The American Humane Education Society received \$50.00 from H. Fisher.

During the past three months the Societies have actually had printed twelve millions of pages of humane literature, including leaflets, humane books, and three months' issues of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Boston, June 15, 1910.

**THE WORK-HORSE PARADE**

The eighth annual Boston Work-Horse Parade was held Monday, May 30, and was unusually successful. Some thirteen hundred horses were in line and made an extraordinarily fine showing. In the neighborhood of fifteen hundred dollars was distributed in prizes. A larger crowd of interested people than had ever before witnessed the Parade was present. When one remembers that the first one in this country occurred here in Boston in 1903, and that this year twenty-four were held, many of them in our largest cities, one can discover how the idea is spreading. The results appear more forcibly each year in the improved condition of our horses. We owe a great debt to Mr. Henry C. Merwin, now one of our directors, for giving the first impulse in the United States to this rapidly growing movement. It is now one of the permanent features of our city. F. H. R.

**PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAME**

Every day complaints come to our desk written by people who for some reason refuse to sign their names. What are we to do? In scores of cases investigation shows the complaint to have been because of personal hostility against the one charged with offense. Half a day's time of an agent has been spent, perhaps, following up some false trail like this. Or, one writes us, for example, with reference to the circus horse made to do the balloon act, and asks us if we cannot stop it. To such we would be glad to say, had the name been signed, that, deplored as much as anybody the method whereby so many animals are trained to do astonishing tricks, or to endure such experiences as going up on a platform raised by a balloon, we are powerless to do anything unless positive cruelty can be proved. That cruelty must be visible and testified to in court before it can be stopped.

Do we grow hardened by the suffering we are constantly dealing with? Are we indifferent to the misery of animals and merely perform the routine duties of each day? Is this why all the things our friends want done are not done? Heaven forbid! We too know the bitterness of standing helpless before some wrong we have no power to right. F. H. R.

**A SPLENDID VICTORY**

We have won our Bill. The Legislature of Massachusetts has recognized the fairness of our claim for additional power. The Governor came outspokenly to our assistance at a critical hour, when the opposition thought they had killed the Bill, and saved the day. It was signed June 8. The effort of the representative of the calf-butchers, Mr. Hays, who, biding his time, dealt it what he fancied was a fatal blow after we believed it was safe, overleaped himself and he did us, unintentionally, a notable service. Had he let the Bill go through with the Senate's amendment it would have cut the authority given us in two. Trying to kill it altogether led to the Governor's finally signing it in its original form. Thank you, Mr. Hays, for your position! Did you ever run across the lines?

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard.

The amendment, which we were willing to accept, limited the authority of our agents to preventing the violation of "any law relative to cruelty to animals." As the Bill was signed it reads "for the purpose of preventing violations of any law and of detecting and punishing the same." Senator Parker and Representative Cox stood loyally by the Society from first to last, as did Dr. Oliver and a host of other genuine friends of our cause. We acknowledge gratefully their pronounced interest in all humane endeavor, and also thank the Boston press for their generous aid. Our counsel, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, rendered us most valuable service. Formerly we have been excluded from the places now to be under our inspection.

This is the Bill we have obtained:

**An Act**

To extend the Authority of the Agents of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:*

The agents of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may visit all places at which neat cattle, sheep, swine or other animals are delivered for transportation or are slaughtered, for the purpose of preventing violations of any law and of detecting and punishing the same; with power to prosecute any such violation coming to their notice. Any person who prevents, obstructs or interferes with any such agent in the performance of such duties shall be liable to the penalty provided by section seventy-two of chapter fifty-six of the Revised Laws.

F. H. R.

**RESULTS**

What, so far, has been accomplished by our agitation of the disreputable business of dealing in little calves brought here, particularly from New York state, and in spite of law and even decency sold in our markets for food.

*First.* The inefficiency of the meat inspection of the Boston Board of Health has been made undeniably evident.

*Second.* The U. S. Department of Agriculture has been led to send experts here to investigate, whose report will ultimately be interesting reading for certain people.

*Third.* The New York State Department of Agriculture has also been led to cooperate with us in seeking to end the shameless traffic in which men without heart or regard for the public health have been aided and abetted by railroads as eager as they for the money there has been in it.

*Fourth.* The railroad that has been the worst offender has been compelled, by reason of the knowledge that we had evidence of its repeated violation of the federal law governing the transportation of live stock, to issue an order to all its agents (an official copy of which lies before us), to refuse to accept any more crated calves for any point beyond a twenty-eight-hour shipment.

*Fifth.* Dealers in these calves have been obliged to take the calves, in certain instances, out of the crates after they had passed within the Massachusetts line and reship them loose in the car, having at least made a pretence at feeding them.

*Sixth.* The above-mentioned railroad has stopped cars and ordered the calves taken out and fed because, as its agents have had to confess, the knowledge that our Society was following the matter up so sharply made it incumbent upon it not to risk further prosecution by carrying the calves another mile.

*Seventh.* We have won two test cases in the courts against these calf dealers for cruelty in handling the calves.

*Eighth.* The butchers and traders have become so thoroughly aware that we are after them that it is almost amusing at times to see how careful they are to avoid the appearance even of cruelty, at least whenever in sight of our agents. Something surely lies between tipping a crate over and dumping a calf out head over heels, then, if it should be unable to stand throwing it several feet to land in the wagon as it might, and sending a special wagon to carry the weak and dying calves quite tenderly to the slaughterhouse. Well, this latter is the present method.

*Ninth.* The meat inspectors of the Boston Board of Health have been stirred up to something like their duty in refusing to pass carcasses that weeks ago would have borne their mark.

*Tenth.* The agitation has done much to enable us to secure the passing of a law giving the agents of our Society the right to visit all places where cattle are delivered for transportation or are slaughtered. This last means a tremendous gain.

So much at least has been accomplished. Is the end in sight? By no means. Still secretly and by many an illegitimate method little newborn calves are being slaughtered and surreptitiously sold and turned into sausage meat or utilized in other ways for food. So long as men are cruel, so long as they will stop at no suffering of animal or injury to their fellows, if only they can coin pain and misery into money, so long must you and I and all who love mercy and would do justice keep at our holy task. F. H. R.

**METHUEN HUMANE SOCIETY**

The Methuen Humane Society, having been granted a charter recently under the laws of Massachusetts, has been organized with Mrs. David Nevins as president and Mrs. Lewis E. Barnes as secretary. Mrs. Nevins has been for years a life member and a director of our Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and always has shown a great interest in the work.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on a preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

#### WELCOME TO N. E. A.

Welcome to the thousands of teachers from all parts of our country whom Boston is entertaining from July 2 to 8, during the sessions of the forty-eighth annual convention of the National Education Association! Our American Humane Education Society has already extended a personal invitation to all the six thousand active members of the N. E. A. to visit our offices when they come to Boston. Through the courtesy of the executive committee, the official program of the convention contains a notice extending this invitation to all who may read it and also calls attention to our humane education exhibit at the convention headquarters. We hope every one of the fifty thousand teachers who are expected to come to Boston to this great meeting will visit either our offices or our literature table in the Old Art Museum building, Copley square.

#### TEACHING CHILDREN KINDNESS

Some months ago we referred to the new and excellent ideas on humane education of children which Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago public schools, is carrying out.

We have since learned that the course of study, which Mrs. Young has instituted in the schools, is to take various forms in the different departments.

In the earlier grades care of pet animals, feeding birds and squirrels, kindness to each other and stories and examples of practical kindness to all living kind are to be included. In other grades, fair play in games, discouraging ill-mannered treatment of teamsters, old people, animals, etc., are to be taught. In the higher grades chivalry and the duties and privileges of citizens, the great cost and injustice of war and a thorough understanding of civil and national humaneness are to be a part of the regular curriculum.

The eminent French teacher, De Saily, has said that when he began to teach kindness to animals in his school, he found his pupils became not only kinder to animals, but also kinder to each other. Out of about seven thousand persons who were, when children, carefully taught kindness to animals, in a large public school at Edinburgh, it was found that not one had ever been charged with a criminal offence.

#### GOOD RESULTS IN TEXAS

The Belton Humane Society has been organized for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Belton, Texas, through the efforts of Miss Mabel A. Gray, who was chosen secretary, and Father P. A. Heckman who came over from Temple where he is president of a Humane Society which originated as a Band of Mercy.

#### AS THE TWIG IS BENT

"When I am king I will make three laws — no one shall cut puppies' tails, no more sin in the country, and nobody shall use bearing reins, because they hurt the horses," Prince Edward, the boy of sixteen who is now heir-apparent of the British crown, is reported on the authority of Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell to have made this declaration.

The above comes to us from one of our directors whose keen interest in everything that concerns the highest welfare of humanity and of the animal world, and whose wise counsel, generously given our Societies for years, entitles him to a large place in our regard. The bending of this "twig," to which our friend calls attention, began, as Emerson might have said, at least as far back as his great-grandmother. From an ancestry expressing itself as the two following paragraphs indicate, we might expect something of this sort:

Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, who, on coming to the throne in 1837, became Chief Patron of the Royal S. P. C. A., said, in 1887, "Amongst other marks of the spread of enlightenment amongst my subjects I notice, in particular, with real pleasure, the growth of more humane feelings towards the lower animals. No civilization is complete which does not include within its sphere of charity and mercy the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures."

His Majesty King Edward VII., while he was still Prince of Wales, said, with reference to the educational work of the Royal S. P. C. A., "The conductors of our educational establishments will more and more recognize that it is one of their great duties to imbue the minds of the young with the consciousness that, besides showing kindness and gentleness to their fellow creatures, they ought also to show kindness and gentleness to the brute creation, to which we owe so much. The more this is taught, the more this feeling is inculcated, the more rapidly will the object of this excellent Society be accomplished."

F. H. R.

#### KING GEORGE INTERESTED

We have received word from Dr. W. O. Stillman, president of the American Humane Association, that His Majesty King George V. has accepted the honorary first vice-presidency of the first American International Humane Conference to be held in Washington October 10 to 15. President Taft, the honorary president, is expected to make the address of welcome. It is hoped that every anti-cruelty society in the United States will send delegates, and it is certain that many foreign organizations will be represented. Announcements with full information may be obtained by addressing the American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.

#### "BIRD MIMIC" IN BOSTON SCHOOLS

Mr. Edward Avis, the "bird mimic" who gave a very successful entertainment in Steinert Hall, Boston, under the auspices of our M. S. P. C. A., was employed by our Societies to give a series of his talks, accompanied with the violin and illustrated by stereopticon views, during the last three weeks of the school year in the public schools of Boston. These were given in the interests of our Band of Mercy work, at an expense to us of several hundred dollars.

Mr. Avis was heard in twenty different schools by between 20,000 and 25,000 interested boys and girls. In one of the schools fully 2,000 pupils were entertained. Of his imitation of the songs of many of our birds, Mr. John Burroughs says that reproduction would be a better word. The Boston teachers, always loyal to the cause of humane education, are warm in their praise of Mr. Avis and of the enterprise of our Societies in presenting his work. Already the pupils are seeking to renew their Band of Mercy pledges.

#### THE PEACE OF FEAR

The military peace party—we mean the lovers of peace who would bring in its gracious day by always being prepared to fight—are fond of throwing it into the faces of those who are foolish enough to believe that big ships and vast standing armies are not altogether the most effective olive branches one nation can wave in the face of another, that they cannot "think straight," that they are not "clear-eyed," that they have lost "the old-time fighting spirit of the race." To call a man a visionary, a dreamer, unpractical, carried away by sentiment, is generally to imagine that he can make no reply to that. Who listens to a dreamer? Who heeds the man who is not hard-headed and eminently practical? A thousand times we are told that there is only one way to have peace, and that is to be ready for war. In this profound saying one might imagine the wisdom of all the statesmanship of the ages was gathered up. No far-seeing man of affairs, you might think, could possibly take any other position. Very well. Perhaps Sir Robert Peel was a sentimental. It may be the world has made a mistake in its estimate of Gladstone. We may be obliged to strike the names of these two men from the list of modern statesmen, sane, practical leaders of men, familiar with history and aware of what they were talking about. This is, however, what they thought: "He (Gladstone) was keen," says his biographer, Mr. Morley, "from the lessons of experience to expose the ever-indestructible fallacy that mighty armaments make for peace." And Peel more than once declared "that there was no maxim that admitted of more contradiction than this, that if you wish peace prepare for war, and that none ever fell from the lips of men that should be received with greater reserve." It's a comfort, sometimes, to find that if you are a fool you are at least in good company.

F. H. R.

#### SIXTEEN TO ONE

This is not the old political issue we are thinking of, but rather that which has to do with sixteen miles to one hour. Among the cruelties of live stock transportation is the suffering endured by the stock because of the wholly needless amount of time consumed in transit. Weeks are sometimes taken for journeys that should be made in a few days. Stock trains have been run at as low an average speed as two miles an hour. Frequently the railroads will sidetrack a car of cattle for eight, ten, fifteen hours, to give the right of way to common or dead freight.

The humane societies of the country are trying to secure at Washington legislation that shall make the minimum speed for animals in transportation sixteen miles except in mountainous sections. We have already called attention to this, but we shall continue to do so until public sentiment is sufficiently with us to secure it. The railroads of course are the staunch opposers of the measure. No action will probably be taken till later in the year when we shall once more urge upon our readers to induce as many people as possible to write their representatives in Congress requesting them to vote for the bill. Meanwhile let us keep talking about it to all our friends as occasion offers.

F. H. R.

#### STOP SHOOTING FOR CURIOSITY

One of our good friends writes to ask if it is not time to stop the killing of birds to satisfy the curiosity of finding out what their crops contain. Such needless sacrifice is much akin to vivisection in that the individual seeks to experiment for himself. Continued cruelty in either practice can add nothing to the sum total of scientific knowledge. Those who are earnest seekers for the truth about what birds eat, may have their curiosity amply satisfied by addressing an enquiry to the Department of Agriculture at Washington which has an exhaustive report on this subject.



Founders of American Band of Mercy  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.  
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

#### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month five hundred and twenty-seven new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and twenty, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.

2. Annual Report of our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

3. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb."

4. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.

5. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."

6. The "Humane Manual," and "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," used on Humane Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.

7. "Humane Education Leaflets," containing pictures and selected stories and poems.

8. For the president: an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

#### Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")

2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make humans and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



#### BAND OF MERCY BADGES

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border. We sell the large size for two cents each and the small size for one cent each, postpaid, in quantities of five or more.

See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.

#### BOYS AND BOYS

NE day a poor old woman drove into town in a rickety spring wagon. She tied her horse to a post near the schoolhouse. It was about as bad looking an old horse as you ever saw. The woman hobbled away with feeble steps to sell a few eggs which she had in a basket. Just as she was out of sight the bell rang for the noon hour, and a crowd of jolly, noisy boys rushed out of the schoolhouse. The air in a moment was full of their shouts and laughter.

"Halloa! See that horse!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Who ever saw such a looking old thing!"

"As thin as a rail."

"You can count all his ribs."

"He looks as if he hadn't spirit to hold his head up."

"Looks half starved. Say, bony, is there enough of you left to scare?"

Two or three boys squealed in the ears of the horse, and gave him small pokes; others jumped before him to try to frighten him.

"Let's lead him 'round to the back of the building and tie him there, so that when the folks he belongs to come they'll think he's run away."

"He run away!"

"Say, boys," put in one boy, who loved all animals, "there's no fun in tormenting such a poor fellow. He does look half starved—yes, more than half, I should say. And we all know it isn't good to feel that way since the day we got lost in the woods nutting."

Have you ever noticed how easily boys—and men, too, for that matter—are led either into kindness or cruelty? One word in either direction and all follow like a flock of sheep. Wouldn't it be good for boys to remember this, and to reflect upon how far they may be called on to answer for the influence they may exert over others?

The boys stopped their teasing and began to look at the horse with different eyes, while one of them brushed the flies off him.

"Let's tie him under that tree," proposed a second; "the sun's too hot here."

"Look here, boys, I wish we could give him something to eat while he's standing."

"Can't we?"

"A real bang-up good dinner, such as he hasn't had for a century, by the looks of him."

"Let's do it. I've got a nickel."

"I've got two cents."

"I'll give another nickel if you'll come over to father's feed store."

More cents came in. The man at the feed store contributed a nearly worn-out bag, and in a few moments the poor old horse was enjoying a good meal of oats.

By the time he had finished it the old woman came back, her basket filled with groceries, for which she had exchanged her eggs. The cord of sympathy and kindness once touched in the careless yet well-meaning hearts continued to vibrate. We all know how one taste of a kind act makes us long to taste more. "I'll lift your basket in," said one respectfully.

"See, here's a lot of oats left. We'll put 'em in the wagon."

"She looks pretty near as starved as the horse," came in a suggestive whisper.

A few small contributions from lunch baskets were hastily wrapped in a piece of paper and laid on top of the basket.

"Now I'll untie."

The old woman was helped in as if she had been a queen. And every boy's heart glowed as the quavering voice and dim eyes bore a burden of warm thanks as she drove away.

Those were every-day schoolboys. There are millions and millions like them, only they do not quite realize what a spirit of loving-kindness dwells in their hearts. Let it out, boys and girls; for it is you who are to lift this whole world into an atmosphere higher, sweeter, and brighter than it has known before.—*Sunday School Advocate*.

#### For Our Dumb Animals

#### FACED DEATH FOR HIS DOG

Harold Hoeger of 509 Garfield avenue, Elkhart, Indiana, is the proud possessor of a bulldog named "Spot." Wherever you see the boy you are sure to see the dog.

As is common in this part of the country, mad dog scares are frequent, and in Elkhart it has been a common practice to shoot unmuzzled dogs whenever found running at large and, frequently, private citizens indulge in the pleasure of killing dogs for the sport they derive from it.



HAROLD AND SPOT

One morning Harold and Spot were on their way to the meat market, when some one began shooting at his dog. In order to protect his defenseless companion, he threw his body upon the dog and the man ceased firing. The frightened boy and his dog then ran home as fast as their legs could carry them.

I consider it a very heroic act, as it shows that the boy was willing to face death for the love he bore his dog.

H. A. PERSHING,  
South Bend, Ind.

#### THE OWL'S SONG

Nobody knows the world but me;  
When they're all in bed, I sit up to see.  
I'm a better student than students all  
For I never read till the darkness fall;  
And I never read without my glasses,  
And that is how my wisdom passes.

Howlowlwhoohoolwoolool.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that?  
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;  
I see him snorting them out as he goes—  
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose,  
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,  
I write them down with pen and ink.

Howlowlwhoooolwhit that's wit.

You may call it learning—'tis mother wit.  
No one else sees the lady-moon sit  
On the sea, her nest, all night, but the owl,  
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl.  
When the oysters gape to sing by rote,  
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

Howlowlwhit that's wit, there's a fowl!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Seventeen Bands of Mercy were formed for each day of last month.

## Cruelty is Our Meanest Crime THE COMING EDUCATION

"How can I teach your children gentleness, And mercy to the weak, and reverence for life, When by your laws, your actions and your speech, You contradict the very things I teach?"  
LONGFELLOW.

"The greatest need of America is more education of the heart." HIRAM POWERS.

"The lack of humane education is the principal cause of crime."

"Show me the laws of a state for the prevention of cruelty to animals and I in turn will give you a correct estimate of the refinement, enlightenment, integrity, and equity of that commonwealth's people."

HON. L. T. DASHIELL,  
Speaker of Texas House of Representatives.

On the playground fence a teacher put a cake for the birds, telling her pupils of their usefulness and intelligence, and the wrong of injuring them. Next day her most unruly boy ate only half his lunch and put the other half on the fence. Kindness is contagious and example is powerful. That fence is now the favorite perch of many birds even when the yard is filled with noisy boys, and the unruly boy has changed for the better. Surely those boys will all be nobler men and better citizens for the tuition of such a teacher.

While every child should be intellectually educated it is certain that education of the heart is even more essential to the welfare of society and to individual happiness, and children are entitled to both.

A noted American has said: "The spirit of cruelty is the deadliest enemy to a high civilization," and Humboldt said "Cruelty to animals is a characteristic vice of a vulgar people." As all crime is cruel, to abolish cruelty is to abolish crime.

The San Francisco *Call* says:

"Today the Jefferson School is one of the most orderly in all the city. The children don't fight as they used to; they don't stone cats, or tie tin pins to the tails of dogs, or molest the sons of the Flowery Kingdom. And why? Because every school-child down that way, as soon as he is old enough to write his name, is made a member of the army for the prevention of all the old evils, and no blue-frocked brass-buttoned guardian of the peace could ever have done a tithe of the good that those children have accomplished. For four years the principal has been organizing the pupils of all the various classes into *Bands of Mercy*, and now every child seems proud of his enrollment. There are about 350 members."

A strict regard for the rights and feelings of whatever has feeling is the cardinal principle of civilization, of courtesy and of Christianity. Children are fond of animals, and by no other means can kindness be so thoroughly inculcated in them as by humane teaching. "I find it the best kind of discipline, and worth any amount of effort," writes an able teacher after two years' trial. Such is the uniform testimony of those who teach kindness to animals.

Sir Arthur Helps declares it "a duty to treat animals with courtesy," and Mr. Rarey insists that "a horse should be treated like a gentleman." The cardinal doctrine of humane education is that it is impolitic and iniquitous to inflict avoidable suffering on any creature. Teach children to do as they would be done by.

"It is not only the suffering of the animal that we are trying to prevent, it is also the moral degradation of the person who causes this suffering. It is the ignorant person who is cruel to animals." —B. J. TICE, A. M.

"I am convinced that kindness to animals is not only a powerful cause of material prosperity, but also of moral prosperity. Teaching it need not disturb the routine of

the school. One day in the week all our lessons refer to this subject. In the reading class I choose a book upon animals, and always give useful instruction. The results are exceedingly satisfactory.

DE SAILLY.

"Russia, Germany, Norway and almost every European nation has experimented with this instruction until it has become a matter of statistics that "*humane education lowers the criminal record.*"

MRS. REYNOLDS.

"This teaching kindness to animals may seem a simple thing; but the more one looks into its merits the more penetrating this spiritualizing influence proves to be, causing a change of conduct, inspiring justice and compassion in the place of selfishness and cruelty; training the mind to apprehend, and the heart to sympathize with the needs of the lowly creatures who form the theoretical object lesson of such surpassing interest to the young; obviously the 'protecting sympathy' which a child may be taught to feel towards its helpless dumb companion, may in after years inspire the life of the philanthropist.

"How much such teaching is needed is demonstrated by the incredibly cruel deeds perpetrated by children even of tender years, which call forth neither remonstrance nor reproof from parent or guardian."

MISS G. KENDALL.

A teacher in Syracuse said: "Nothing ever helped me so much to manage these rough boys as teaching kindness to animals." In two large cities have "tough" districts been civilized by the same means. Any teacher can, in a weekly talk of only five minutes, impress upon pupils the rights of animals and the duty and advantage of kind methods in using them. Why not do so?

It is more a matter of character than of animals, and the chief object of schools should be to make good citizens. "Goodness" is merely kindness, and kindness produces happiness and peace.

In his preface to an admirable essay on education Mr. Cyrus Pierce asserts that:

"Merely mechanical education is no security against immorality and crime. That facts show that crime may increase at the same time with increased attention to education—the common education of the schools; that this is the case to some extent in New England; and for the reason in part that the common education of the schools has in it too little of the moral element. We cultivate the head more than the heart. That there is hence a call upon teachers, committees, parents and all friends of true education to make a larger outlay for moral instruction, assigning to it in our schools the high place its importance demands."

We appeal to all educators of youth—a class whose power and responsibility are greater than that of any other, to adopt at once this beneficent instruction, to teach children that animals have rights which they should respect, that cruelty is contemptible and degrading, that kindness is the greatest promoter of happiness, and that justice, mercy and compassion are the noblest of all virtues.

Into the hands then of the teachers of the public schools of America is committed as into those of no others this noble task of training a generation moulded by the principles of this "Coming Education." If this recognition of the sacred rights of the animal world is clear in the soul of the teacher, if in his or her vision of the things that constitute personal character at its best are these fine and generous impulses of kindness, mercy, thoughtfulness for all that lives with the capacity for pain or pleasure, the children daily feeling the power of such a teacher's life will be fashioned into the same image.

The vitally important work for us is the humane education of the millions of boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the state.



### THE HUMANE MOVEMENT. Roswell C. McCrea.

This substantial volume, prepared on the Henry Bergh foundation for the promotion of humane education in Columbia University, and from the press of that institution, is the first systematic attempt to present an exhaustive history and account of present-day activities in this line in America. An extended review of Mr. McCrea's work, which no active humanitarian can afford to overlook, will appear in a later issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.

444 pp. \$2. The MacMillan Company, New York.

### MEWS AND MUSINGS. Abbie P. Gardner.

The story tells of a foundling cat rescued by kind-hearted boys and taken to boarding school, where she becomes the idol and mascot of the graduating class. Her own life story is entertaining and it shows how much cats are influenced by gentle and affectionate treatment. Her observations on the lives and experiences of other animals, and the common cruelties to which so many are subject, are set forth in marked contrast to her own happy existence.

To young readers the volume will teach a lesson of love and mercy for the weakest and humblest creatures. It will do much toward convincing them that it is a part of their duty to be kind to all these dependent creatures.

96 pp. \$1. Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

### JUST HORSES. Sewell Ford.

In this collection of short stories one may read about those horses whose lives generally furnish little that is attractive to the story teller. The author, however, has already gained success in this field in a former volume entitled, "Horses Nine," to which this work is a companion.

"Jerry," powerful truck horse, "born to the tight trace and bred for the long haul," sound-limbed and willing, worked to blindness, and even long afterwards to bring his soulless owner wealth; finally ending his crushing labors by jumping off the pier—all this commands our admiration as well as sympathy. There's a many a parallel in the world of overworked horses.

The story of "Pericles of Spread Eagle Battery" is pathetic yet with a touch of humor. It is the tale of an ex-war horse, battle-scarred hero of the rebellion, mustered from the service to a city dirt wagon. One follows with deep interest his triumphant career as "the horse that Sherman rode" to the time when his last owner lays him peacefully away and inscribes his famous deeds upon a block of New Hampshire granite.

Somewhat extraordinary are "The Straying of Lucifer" and "How Deacon took out the Christmas Mail," but in them there is a wholesomeness that appeals not only to horse lovers, but to all who enjoy good stories.

198 pp. \$1. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

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The volume emphasizes the inexhaustible pleasure and amusement in the study of the birds whose songs contribute so much to human happiness. There are numerous illustrations.

260 pp. 50 cents. American Book Co., New York.

## PUSSALINKA

All that others see is that  
Thou art but a common cat,  
And, dear pussy, some would say,  
Cruel, false and sly—but they  
Only see the darker side  
Of thy nature magnified  
By dislike and prejudice,  
So they judge of thee amiss;  
But with loving eyes I see  
Love and gratitude in thee,  
Patience, courage, trust and truth  
With a tender heart of ruth!

Thy behavior day by day  
I observe as others may,  
But I cannot even guess  
What thy grief or happiness.  
Such abstraction in thy mien,  
So ineffably serene,  
Solomon, so grand and wise,  
Would seem petty in thine eyes.  
Were the Pharaohs dignified,  
And the Caesars full of pride?  
They might all behold in thee  
A superber dignity!

How in sport thou dost forget  
Every trace of old regret!  
Springing, racing to and fro,  
Like a whirlwind thou dost go.  
Leaping to the cushioned seat,  
Thou dost lie with folded feet.  
Art thou meditating then  
On the lives of cats and men?  
Sleep will come ere thou canst find  
Any answer—never mind,  
Life, to cats and men, is good,  
Though so little understood!

JAMES O'NEILL  
in *Youth's Companion*.

For Our Dumb Animals  
"FRISKY"

A Tribute to a Waif

**I**T is true that "Frisky" was "only a cat" and a "waif." Eleven years ago he came to our door, a begrimed, half-starved kitten, and asked for food and shelter. But who would admit such a woebegone-looking animal as he? Besides, we did not wish for a cat of any description. So we bade him "run home," shut the door, and considered the incident closed.

Day after day, and many times each day, he repeated his plea till his persistence convinced us that, being homeless and having carefully inspected the neighborhood, he had decided to take up his abode with us. Possibly he knew by instinct, what we have since learned by experience, that a good cat may be just as essential in the home as a good home is necessary for the cat. But we were just as determined as he, willing to yield upon one point only, for conscience forbade our allowing any dumb creature to suffer for food. We decided that he should be fed out of doors each day till we could place him in the care of the Animal Rescue League. He was still unsatisfied even though a covered box containing a comfortable bed for him was placed on the piazza when the nights became cool. Frequently in the evening, attracted by the voices within, or impelled by the loneliness without, his plaintive "please" reminded us of the waif outside and rather disturbed the serenity of our comfort.

Weeks passed, and one bitterly cold night the heart of the lady of the house relented and, putting aside her reading, she said, "Bring that kitten in to me!" The controversy was ended,—perseverance had conquered prejudice,—the waif had won!

His satisfaction was complete. Words could hardly have added to the eloquence of his expression of gratitude and happiness. We were not aware that a vacant niche for him existed in the family life, but he found it, and proceeded to occupy it. There were no children in the household, so he was the weakling, the one to be thought of, guarded by day, and



MUFF AND BOBBY

cared for by night. His basket was placed by the kitchen window that he might watch those passing by, a chair by the chimney-corner was set apart for his use, and his bed for the night was by the chimney in the attic.

Under these conditions he grew and developed. To strangers he was never a handsome cat though, like many plain people, his virtues were conspicuous. He was absolutely neat about the house, proud of the cleanliness of his fur, fastidious in regard to the quality of his food, playful, affectionate, and to a remarkable degree obedient to the voice of his mistress. He was of a nervous temperament, quick to resent an imagined injury, and the person whose dress carelessly rubbed his hair the wrong way in passing was quite sure to find him with uplifted paw awaiting her return. He was no mouser,—he had no chance to be, for mouse instinct freed our place from that pest while the cat was with us. While a kitten he caught one bird, but it was taken from him and such a forceful lecture administered on the subject of cruelty to animals that the habit of catching was never formed, but he would sit and watch the birds and squirrels, as they sported about the lawn or drank from the bird tank. Food left in any room of the house was perfectly safe from injury, for he meddled only with what had been placed particularly for him.

Frisky by nature, he soon became "Frisky" by name, and ever lived up to his naming. Intercourse with the family seemed to develop his intelligence to an unusual degree, and it was soon evident that the familiar words and phrases addressed to him were understood, and he originated a sign language of his own which we, in turn, soon learned to interpret. His "yes" was to stand erect upon his hind feet to have his head stroked; his "please" was to rub persistently about a person's feet, or, if she were seated, to take a position facing her and looking directly into her eyes till attention was compelled. This was the way he generally reminded us that bedtime had come, and when asked if he wished to go to bed he would quickly jump up and say, "Please." He knew where the fresh catnip was always kept, and if one would accept his invitation he would lead the way from any part of the house to the pantry and indicate the very drawer where it could be found. If the outside door were shut when he wished to go out doors he would find some member of the family, even if he had to go up stairs to do so, lead down the stairs and to the very door out of which he always went.

When the time for each summer outing

came, instead of closing the house and boarding the cat, we provided housekeepers to keep the house open and care for him. He always showed himself friendly, and added to the pleasure of their stay in the country. The number of dogs in the neighborhood made him so nervous that he was never quite so happy out of doors as when some of us were out working among the plants and he could keep securely near us.

Thus it was emphatically true that when he succumbed to the effects of a heavy cold we became aware of the place which he had really filled in the family circle, and appreciated as never before the part which he had had in making the home. The seeds of kindness which we have sown in the life of the little waif he has returned to us more than a hundredfold in affection and comradeship during these eleven years.

A. P. NUTTER,  
West Roxbury, Mass.

## CAT TRAVELS FOR HEALTH

Among the passengers on a steamer from the West Indies, which arrived at New York recently, was a black and white Persian cat, owned by Sir Archibald Baker of London.

The cat was put on board at Southampton by order of a cat specialist who had been consulted by Sir Archibald when his pet's spirits seemed to be rather low.

## WHERE CATS ARE WELCOME

The city of Yokohama, Japan, was much alarmed a short time ago over its small and decreasing cat population. A census of the cats was carefully taken by the Japanese officials and it was found that there were but 7,000 able-bodied felines within the city's limits. This number was thought to be far too small for the health and serenity of the great metropolis, and steps were at once taken to increase the number of cats by saving the kittens.

To encourage cat raising a bounty of twenty-five cents was offered for every kitten grown to maturity. The number of cats nearly doubled in a year, as the last count showed about 13,000. It is supposed that many were imported from distant points for the sake of the premium offered for them. At any rate the city breathes easier and considers the money well spent, for the cats are of great assistance to the health department in preventing rats from spreading the germs of many diseases.

When moving don't forget your cat.

# Our Dumb Animals

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

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76926 Franklin School	Elizabeth S. Brown	77000 Div. 3	Margaret Joyce	Hattie A. Cooke
Harold Pendleton	Bark St. School	Madeleine J. Clarke	77041 Div. 8	Central School
<i>Sober Island, Hx. Co., N. S.</i>	76963 Div. 2	<i>Washington, D. C.</i>	Josephine Jones	77076 Div. 1
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76938 Div. 1	Main St. School	Eugen Roberts	77052 Spencer	Fred. Holland
Minnie Gamble	76974 Div. 1	Force School	77053 Victoria	<i>Forest City, Iowa</i>
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By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES in *Life and Health*

## THE PERFECTION of GOD'S GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS



HOW true it is that those who study nature—God's great out-of-doors—the most, feel its wonderful beauty the most! In some of the dry official reports of the scientists of the government are pictures of birds and fishes and animals and reptiles and plants that are exquisite in their perfection of beauty. On the shelves of my library are thirteen volumes—large, heavy quarto tomes, bound in brown leather—which look as dry and musty and dusty as old books possibly can. Yet at times when I am "shut in" and can not get out into God's great out-of-doors, I take one or more of these volumes down. They smell musty, for the binding is beginning to decay, the leaves are stained with time, and the titles are repellent ("Explorations and Surveys for the Pacific Railroad"), yet I get carried away from all worry, all care, all distress when I see the beautiful pictures, and through them, the wonderfully beautiful realities they portray. Here (in the volume I have just taken down) are several varieties of squirrels, a number of fish, and many birds. How marvelous the wings, the feathers, the claws, the eyes, the beak of each one; and the colors, even in the pictures, are glowing and gorgeous. The feathers, with their bands and markings and dots and lines and topknots and plumes, give one an endless variety, yet each one is as perfect as it can be,—eagles, hawks, Western redtails, Western red-shoulders, buzzards, owls, parakeets, road-runners, woodpeckers, swifts, humming-birds, fly-catchers, scissortails, bluebirds, wrens, warblers, mocking-birds, thrushes, nut-hatches, finches, snow-birds, sparrows, swallows, blackbirds, ravens, meadow-larks, crows, orioles, jays, magpies, storks, cranes, doves, quails, herons, partridges, ibises, killdeers, snipes, telltales, curlews, rails, geese, ducks, teals, blackheads, butterballs,—all these, in one part of the report, each one pictured in its gorgeous beauty, reminding one of the words that constantly accompany the descriptions of the various articles used by the priests in the tabernacle, "for glory and for beauty." These birds are all decked for glory and for beauty, and they reveal the tender, sweet beauty of God's thoughts toward us.

### Exquisite Beauty of Reptiles

And I have spent days and days of many months—continuing through all the past thirty years—in studying the exquisite beauty of the skins of the reptiles of the desert that most people are afraid of and flee from. The markings on the backs of snakes and lizards of every description, on horned toads, on Gila monsters, salamanders, turtles, and tortoises are beautiful in the extreme. As I wrote some years ago in my book, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert": "To those who are able to put aside their fears and inherited prejudices, there is a wonderful fascination in the beauty and the grace of movement of the rattlesnake. The delicate colors and the exquisite way in which nature tints the diamonds—the softer grays and olives and browns and salmon reds—can not help but appeal to all true lovers of color harmony. And the grace of movement, the easy, noiseless, undulating elegance of motion are unsurpassed by anything save an eagle in its soaring."

Where we least expect it, beauty greets us; on the desert, on the mountain summit, in the depths of the most secret canyon—everywhere.

What a wonderful variety is revealed! Take a list of flowers, of birds, of fishes, of animals; each one is perfect of its kind, and yet each is so distinct from every other.

Yet it is well here to observe that it is almost impossible to determine which is the

most perfect of the things God has made. The song of each bird is perfect of its kind, and some prefer the lark to the mocking-bird, some the song of the linnet, or the thrush, or the nightingale. Shelley writes in ecstasy over both the nightingale and the skylark, and the finest piece of descriptive prose in the English language—in my humble judgment—dealing with a bird's song, is Charles Warren Stoddard's "Apostrophe to the Skylark." Here is a bit of it:

"I heard a voice that was as a new interpretation of nature—a voice that seemed to be played upon by summer winds; a rushing rivulet of song fed from a ceaseless fountain of melodious joy. I looked for the singer whose contagious rhapsody accorded all nature to its theme!... Those golden notes seemed to shower out of the sky like sunbeams.... Such fingering of delicate stops and ventages, such rippling passages as compassed the gamut of bird ballads,—vague and variable as a symphony of river-reeds breathed into by soft gales,—such fine-spun threads of silken song; and then a gush of wild, delirious music—why did not that bird-heart break and the warm bundle of feathers drop back to earth, while the soul that had burst from its fleshly cage lived on forever, a disembodied song!"

### Nature Teaches Optimism

To the eye that sees aright there is no good, better, best in nature. All is good, all is best. Hence one must seek for the purpose of the variety.

To dispense with any part of what God has provided is impossible. We need all there are, and each one is perfect in its place and way.

Hence from this perfection of the things of God's out-of-doors I learn two important lessons: (1) That God has created me capable of perfection, and Jesus verifies this by his loud call: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" and (2), that my work and place in the world are important enough to God to have occupied his thought; hence they are for a divine, a perfect purpose, and no other man's place can be any more important than mine. "God has his plan for every man," and perfection in life means the meeting of God's plan, the doing of his plan.

In character building, very much depends upon our treatment of the animals committed to our care. RUSKIN.

### WORK IS WORSHIP

He always prays, who always worketh well—  
The lightest touch  
Laid on a child in love, yet serveth much;  
He, whose behest is labor, in God doth dwell—  
Heaven is of such.  
Here ever holds  
That dear New Kingdom, fashioned out of hearts;  
Here lies its strength, and at this fountain starts;  
A baby moulds  
Its boundless measure, of broken lives and parts.  
Divinely, on bruised reeds and pierced breasts,  
Its glory rests.

Be thou a servant, brother, and thou shalt be  
A sovereign then;  
Royal in thy coming down and royal in ken.  
And of the Heavenly Kingdom greatly free—  
God's citizen.  
They loftiest rise  
Who lowliest kneel, to wash a beggar's feet  
Or snatch a jewel thrown upon the street;  
The Paradise  
Is here and now, and maketh suffering sweet.  
Earth groweth sad, and darken skies and droop,  
Unless we stoop.

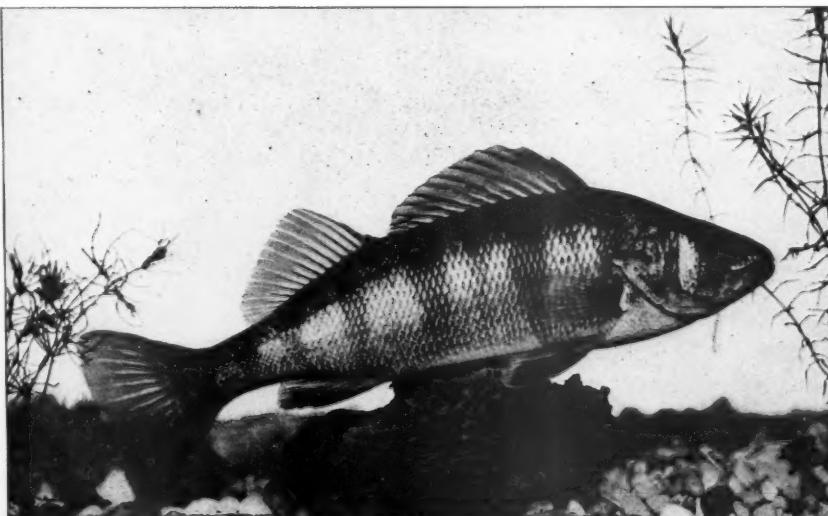
He always worships, whose delight is toil—  
Simply to serve,  
And never from the track of duty swerve;  
One with the freshness of the flowers and soil,  
And planets' curve.

Bending to lift  
Weakness, he raiseth higher Heaven's new walls,  
In answering outcasts' cry and sorrow's calls;  
Where'er souls drift,  
He casts himself beneath the sinner's falls.  
In truth's foundations yet shall lie, with trust,  
His sacred dust.

Be thou a servant, brother, and like our Lord—  
Helping the least,  
A wounded bird or stricken and starving beast;  
Christ will Himself with thee, in Love's accord,  
Wait at thy feast.  
And holy bread,  
The life eternal, thus shall feed thy soul,  
And in thy going make thee His and whole;  
His table is spread  
At every kindness, that thou dost not dole.  
Within the humble heart, God's lower skies,  
Heaven's Kingdom lies.

F. W. ORDE WARD,  
in *Animal World*.

Agassiz always taught his pupils to kill fish as soon as caught, by a blow on the back of the head, that they might not suffer before dying. Such fish keep better, and are better to eat.



PERCH AT HOME

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for May, 1910  
Fines and witness fees, \$189.82.

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Nor crush that helpless worm!  
The frame thy wayward looks deride  
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,  
From whom thy being flowed,  
A portion of his boundless love  
On that poor worm bestowed.

Let them enjoy their little day,  
Their humble bliss receive;  
Oh! do not lightly take away  
The life thou canst not give!

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